

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XLIV.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1915.

NUMBER 45

Published every week.
\$1.00, a year in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

DADDY'S DEAD.

They tell me that my daddy's dead;
The other day my mamma read
A letter that the postman brought,
And then she bowed her pretty head,
And cried, and cried an awful lot,
Then took me in her arms and said,
"O laddie, laddie! daddy's dead!"

I hardly can believe it so;
Why, just a little while ago,
He stood with me by mamma's side,
And spoke so quiet like and slow,
While mamma held his hand and cried,
Until he spoke and whispered low:
"Our country needs her sons, you know."

And then he said "Good bye" and took
Me in his arms—my! how they shook!
And hugged me to his breast 'for keep,'
Just like the Shepherd with the crook.
And daddy's eyes had just the look
As has the Shepherd in the book!

And just this morning mamma stayed
Upstairs so long I grew afraid;
Because the house was awful still,
And even when I talked or played,
It sounded empty like, until
I knelt by mamma where she prayed,
And on her head my hand I laid.

And then I felt it must be true,
And closer to my mamma drew;
Why, we need Daddy just as bad
As anything—indeed, we do.
For mamma's heart is awful sad,
And something hurts me through and
through.

My daddy's dead! What shall we do?
—Bx.

The Boy With the Hose.

It was Saturday morning in early
May with the sun shining gloriously
after an all-night rain. Elmer Borden
had taken his uncle's cows to
pasture, and was splashing happily
home-ward, lured by the tempting
prospect of Aunt Betty's hot waffles
and maple syrup.

At the corner below the high
school, he was hailed by three
members of the ball team, on which
he held a place as yet more or less
conditional.

"Hello, Borden!" called Joe Wald-
ren, the captain, as they came up.
"We were up inspecting the park to
see what damage the rain did in the
night. Wasn't it a soaker?"

"A regular old gully-washer,"
agreed Elmer, "did it do anything
to the diamond?"

"No harm to speak of," Billie
Burns assured him. "Washed it
clean as a floor. There were a few
puddles of water, but we swept
them out with the old broom and
they will be dry as a board by
noon."

"Say Borden," Joe began with
boyish directness, "when are you
going to get your baseball outfit?"

"I don't know, boys," Elmer
stated frankly. "The suits cost
three dollars, and I have only seven-
ty cents in my pocket just now. I
am going to try for a job counting
eggs at the cash store this forenoon.
That will bring me fifty cents more.
If it wasn't for the game this after-
noon, I could earn a dollar."

"Why doesn't your father buy
your suit?" complained Billie.

"I never have asked him," said
Elmer. "He finds it hard enough
to keep me here in school as it is.
If I have a baseball outfit, I must
earn it myself."

"That's all right, if you feel that
way about it," agreed Joe, "but
the Sammis boys and Jim Welsh
are fussing about your playing in
any big games without your uni-
form."

"Rob Johnson's working hard
for your place and the Sammis boys
are his cousins," warned Billie.
"Rob makes some pretty plays,
but he doesn't put up the clean
game that Elmer does, Joe, and
you know it," Billie was Elmer's
special friend.

"Hello here, what's the matter?"
cried Joe, his attention attracted by
a crowd of men talking earnestly
around the site for the new cash
store. Still discussing Elmer's
chances with the team, they waded
across the street to investigate the
cause of the excitement.

The excavators had just about
completed their operations the
evening before. There still remained
a few hours' work cleaning up
loose dirt, and the cellar would be
ready for the masons, who were ex-
pected early Monday morning. No
wonder Abner Brown, the proprie-
tor, was glum. The big hole stood
several feet deep with muddy water.

The boys sprawled over a pile of
bricks and listened to the various

schemes brought forward for with-
drawing the water. At each sug-
gestion Abner shook his head du-
biously. They were all too slow or
too expensive. At last the men
and boys drifted away. When
only Abner and Elmer were left,
Abner turned with a discouraged
sigh toward his own home, though
he had no appetite for breakfast.

"What are you going to do about
it anyway?" Elmer asked as he fell
into step beside the man.

"I'll have to rig up a couple of
pumps, hire some men and set them
to work, of course. I don't know
where I'll get men in this busy sea-
son. The farmers have snapped
up every able-bodied hand in the
country."

Elmer parted from the man at
his own gate and started on a run
to his belated breakfast. As he
cut across lots behind his uncle's
implement store, two big tank
wagons belonging to a second hand
threshing outfit gave him an idea.

Many times he had seen them
licking up water from the little
brook on his father's farm, and
feeding it out again to the ever-
thirsty engine. After a hastily
bolted breakfast he sought his uncle,
whom he found stacking machinery
against the high fence that separat-
ed business premises from the
Johnson's chicken yard.

"Uncle," he said, "are you go-
ing to use the big team this morn-
ing?"

"Yes, I had a big shipment of
drags come in on that early freight
train. It's down there now unload-
ing the car. Why?"

"You heard about Brown's new
cellar being full of water?" His
uncle nodded. "Well, I thought
if you would lend me two of those
old tank wagons and the team for a
few minutes, I could get a boy or
two to help me and pump it all out
for him. He's crazy to get help."

"What about your ball game
this afternoon?"

"Well, I thought perhaps we
could get it cleared before two
o'clock, if we didn't have to stop to
rig up ordinary pumps. If we do
not, Rob Johnson is only too glad to
play in my place."

"But I thought you were a bit
troubled about Bob. Aren't you
afraid he'll get your place on the
team if you give him another
chance to display his fancy play-
ing?" His uncle smiled quizzically.

"Yes, I am," Elmer replied
frankly, "but the boys intimated
pretty strongly that I could play no
more ball without a uniform. I'm
taking a chance either way. I be-
lieve I'll get the job."

"How deep is the water?" asked
his uncle.

"About three feet."

"The basement isn't very big.
Couldn't you get several boys to
help you pump it out after the
game? Britain ought to be
through with the team by three-
o'clock and I can have him haul the
tanks over there for you, ready to
get to work as soon as the game is
over."

"That's just what I'll do," Elmer
said with enthusiasm.

"By the way," added his uncle,
"I sold these tank wagons to John-
son the other day, and he has an
old pair over home, leaky old tubs,
but good enough for your business.
While you are asking for the use of
these, maybe you will want one of
the others, too, and work a bigger
force."

"I'll run right down to the store
and see Abner Brown. Then come
back and speak for the tank
wagons," he turned to go.

Elmer stepped back a few feet
which brought him beyond the end
of the fence, just in time to see Rob
Johnson turning stealthily away
from the other side.

"I wonder if he could have been
listening to our conversation," mused
Elmer. "He may interfere with
my getting the use of those
wagons. A boy that can't play
clean ball will not play a fair game
at other things."

When Elmer entered the cash
store, he met Rob slinking out. He
did not speak to Elmer as he
passed.

Elmer found Abner Brown brisk-
ly dusting the counters and getting
ready for a busy Saturday in the
store.

"I'm sorry you didn't drop in
sooner," he said when Elmer had
made him an offer. "I half pro-

posed Rob Johnson the job just
now. He thinks he has a plan for
emptying the cellar in a couple of
hours. I guess he means to rig up
three or four pumps and work his
two brothers this afternoon. I told
him I'd give five dollars to anyone
who would get that water out before
midnight to night and give the
cellar time to dry out over Sunday.
I haven't any too much confidence
in that Johnson tribe. They'll
probably lie down on the job when
they find it can't be done in a
couple of hours."

Elmer walked dejectedly out
from the gloom of the store. So
that was Rob's plan; to steal his idea
and work it out while he was at the
game! If the tank wagons belonged
to anyone else but the Johnsons, he
should hire a team and get to work.
It would serve Rob right to beat
at his own game.

Back in front of his uncle's store
some coils of threshermen's hose and
two detached tank-wagon pumps
put an idea into his quick brain.
With a whoop, he rushed around to
the back of the store once more to
interview his uncle.

"Uncle, will you lend me two
coils of hose, those tank pumps and
a wheelbarrow?" he gasped.

"Sure," his uncle laughed good-
humoredly. "What scheme have
you in your head this time?" But
Elmer was not even whispering his
secrets ahead of time.

At a quarter of eight he was on
the ground, ready to work. At the
back of the excavation the lot sloped
away sharply to a grove, known to
the town as the park. It never was
used as such, except when the vil-
lage celebrated Old Settlers Day and
the Fourth of July.

Forty feet from the back of the
cellar, Elmer staked down one of
the pumps. To this he attached
one end of a big hose and dropped
the other end into the cellar. Five-
minutes' pumping rewarded him by
sending a gush of muddy water
from the end of the outlet hose.
He stopped pumping and the water
ran steadily on. His siphon was
working perfectly. Triumphant-
ly he set about rigging up the other
outlet.

A few feet farther down the hill
a deep trench ran parallel to the
slope. It was designed to carry off
surplus water from the lots above.
Elmer dug shallow ditches from his
outlet hose to empty into this trench.
This finished, he had nothing to do,
but watch his outlets and see they
did not clog.

At half-past eleven, his twelve-
year-old cousin, Earle, came along
and stopped to see what he was do-
ing.

"Do you want a job?" Elmer
felt like a capitalist.

"Sure, what will you give me?"

Earle was also in need of money.

"I want you stay and watch
things while I run home to lunch.
I may need some help in finishing
up this job after I get back. I'll
give you"—he made a quick cal-
culation and decided that he could
afford to be generous, "I'll give you
a dollar."

"I'll stay," Earle dropped into
his cousin's seat with a comical imi-
tation of Elmer's lounging attitude.
"You run on home before you
change your mind. Or say, first
give me your instructions."

When Elmer returned a half hour
later, he carried Earle's lunch and
two pairs of rubber boots. He found
the younger lad much worried be-
cause one of the hose lines had
ceased running while the other was
giving wheezy warning of going on
strike. Elmer knew at a glance
what had happened. The water in
the cellar had sunk below the level
of the outlet hose. He made a
hasty sounding and found the water
less than three inches deep. It took
but a moment to lower the outlet by
digging the little ditch a few inches
deeper. A few strokes on the
pumps started the water flowing
again as freely as before.

When the floor at the upper end
began to appear, the boys put on
the rubber boots and descended
into the cellar. Shallow pits were
dug for the ends of the hose, and as
soon as the water receded leaving
puddles here and there, the boys
drained them into the pits by means
of tiny ditches.

At a quarter after one, Elmer,
muddy but triumphant, clambered
from the cellar and left Earle to
collect the tools and equipment and

return them to the store. He be-
took himself to the cash store in
time to intercept Abner on his way
back from lunch.

"I want a baseball uniform," he
announced, and followed the man
into the store.

When Abner handed the boy his
neatly tied package, he stood wait-
ing for his pay.

"You owe me two dollars," said
Elmer smiling at Abner's blank
stare.

"The suit was three dollars, and
you owe five dollars for draining
your cellar."

Abner's jaw sagged lower. The
boy's tone was businesslike. He
was covered with mud.

"You don't mean to say you've
done it!" he cried.

"I mean just that. Do you want
to go and see for yourself?"

"In spite of the fact that a dozen
customers were waiting, Abner
grabbed his hat and fairly ran from
the store with Elmer at his heels."

At the sidewalk they met the ball
team fully equipped for the impend-
ing game. With them was Rob
Johnson. "Come on boys," called
Elmer genially. "Come on and in-
spect my job."

Rob followed the rest, a crafty
smile upon his shrewd face. Elmer
noted the look, and felt that he knew
what was in Rob's mind. He was
thinking that he had found a flaw
in Elmer's scheme, and it would be
but a few hours until he would lead
the boys to the cellar to witness
Elmer's discomfiture.

The boys stood on the edge of
the excavation and gazed with
astonishment into its slimy depths.
Abner looked around for the
pumps, but saw none. Earle had
vanished with the outfit. He stared
into the cellar, at Elmer, and
then straight up into the blue sky
as if he expected to find an explana-
tion there. Two old men who had
seen the flooded cellar early that
morning, sauntered along just then,
and stopped to stare at the miracle.

Elmer stood a minute, secretly en-
joying the look of baffled rage and
mortification on Rob's face. He
was amused at the bewilderment of
Abner and the older men, who
evidently looked for nothing less
than a supernatural explanation of
the water's sudden disappearance.
He was pleased with the look of
proud ownership that the nine cast
upon him. He could tell by their
expressions that they were genuinely
proud of his morning's achievement,
proud to have him a member of
their baseball team. With a gay
laugh of exultation he turned from
them all.

"Never mind about the two dol-
lars now, Abner," he called back.
"I'll drop in after the game."

"Look for me at the park, boys,"
he triumphantly called to the others,
as he waved the bundle containing
his precious suit above his soiled
face. "It will not take me more
than ten minutes to clean up and
get into these togs. I'll be there all
right."—J. E. Stewart in the Cana-
dian.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. C. O. DANTEZ, Pastor, 3025 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday,
3:00 P.M., Third Sunday, 10:30
A.M.

Morning Prayer—First Sunday,
10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday ex-
cept the first, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15
P.M.

Cleric Literary Association—Every
Thursday evening after 7:30
o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thurs-
day afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each
month, 8 P.M.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 740 W. Fayette
Street.

Rev. J. A. Brandick, Assistant, 2704 Ber-
nard Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the
Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder
Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P.M. Sun-
day School at 2:30 P.M. Week-day meet-
ings every Thursday evening at eight
o'clock, except during July and Au-
gust. Holy Communion first Sunday
each month. Everybody welcome.

LOS ANGELES

No social occasion of this sum-
mer assumed the proportions of a
function, unless it be a complimen-
tary affair in honor of some out-of-
town guests, for Los Angeles has
had a steady influx of guests from
all over this country, so there was
no cessation of activities among the
socially inclined people, and even at
this late time, there are indications
the coming Autumn will be also filled
to overflowing with delightful
affairs that will occupy the social
set.

Hotel Hollywood was the scene of
an elaborately appointed luncheon,
given to twenty friends by Misses
Chenoweth and Peek. Out-of-town
guests who graced the occasion
with their presence were: Mrs.
Souweine and Mrs. McMann, both
of New York City; Mrs. Eden, of
Santa Ana, Cal., and a niece of Miss
Chenoweth, from Missouri. Lunch-
eon came first, and all were shown
into the dining-room where a beauti-
ful scene met our eyes. On the
large, handsome, dining table was
tastefully arranged an exquisite
setting of yellow flowers interwined
with Asparagus Plumosus, and the
same predominating tones were car-
ried out throughout the elaborate
menu. After the luncheon, a pleas-
ing variety of games, accompanied
by the utmost sociability, passed the
time all too quickly away. First
prizes of a beautiful doily and a
satin damask towel were given to
the lucky winners. Thus passed
one of the most delightful afternoon
occasions.

Mr. and Mrs. King, teachers at
the Little Rock, Arkansas, School
for the Deaf, furnished the motif for
a very pleasant afternoon "get
acquainted" party at Mrs. Andrews'
house, given by Mr. and Mrs.
Omar Smith, who used to be their
pupils. About thirty friends were
bidden to gather informally. A
game was played, and to the sur-
prise of all, both the honorees won
first prizes, a leather table mat and
a leather sofa pillow. Ice cream,
cake and punch were served.

Mr. and Mrs. McMann, accom-
panied by their son, Joe, and Mrs.
Souweine, all of New York City,
came very early in the summer, and
upon arriving, straight away went
to pitching their tents for a long
stay. Because Mrs. McMann's
mother and sister live here, she feels
it is a second home to her.

Miss Minnie Price, of Middle-
bury, Vermont, has been making
her old school friends, Mr. and Mrs.
E. Saxton Gilmore, a nice long visit.
They took her out motoring, visiting
all our places of interest. Mr. and
Mrs. Gilmore own a beautiful cot-
tage at Alamitos Bay and a palatial
house in Los Angeles, and through-
out her visit, they all divided their
time between those two places.

Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Loew, of
New York City, have been, for about
a month, house-guests of their
uncles and aunt, the Sonneborn
brothers and Mrs. Lefi. They
spent much of their time in motoring
about the State, going to Riverside,
San Diego, and other places of in-
terest.

A number of very charming, little
social courtesies of an informal
nature made the visit, in Los An-
geles, of Mr. and Mrs. McMann, Mr.
and Mrs. Loew and Miss Price
pleasant. Friends vied with each
other in creating one round of
gayety for them. They furnished
the inspiration of a party given by
Mr. and Mrs. U. M. Cool, who
invited an intimate coterie of friends
to help make it a jolly affair. There
was no attempt at formality, just a
"good time" party, the evening
spent in playing games which gave
enlightenment for the hours. Surely,
"we are only boys and girls grown
tall. Hearts don't change much after
all." Peach Sundae and cake were
served.

Two evenings later, Mrs. Laverna
C. Wornstidt invited the same crowd
over to her home. Informality
again held sway, and those present
are firm believers in this old adage,
"Laugh and grow young," so
games which seemed to observe this
rule to the letter were resurrected,
played and enjoyed. Cherry ice-
cream, punch and cake were served.

Again, two evenings later, the
same crowd, with the addition of a
few more, adjourned to the residence
of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sonneborn, Mr.
and Mrs. Morton Sonneborn and

Mrs. Lefi. It was a sort of a fare-
well party for Mr. and Mrs. Loew,
for they were to leave the next day.
So, on account of this, none of us
felt like passing an uproarious even-
ing, for during their short stay in
Los Angeles, they endeared them-
selves to us very much, by their
"more than half-way" friendliness,
and also by their faculty of putting
us at ease. Refreshments of fruit
jelly with whipped cream and in-
dividual cakes were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Haworth and
daughter, Olive, were host and
hostesses to a large number of
friends at their home, complimentary
to Miss Lettie H. Wilson, of Belle-
ville, Ill. Games occupied the time
until a late hour, when punch, ice-
cream and cake were served.

Again, about a month later, the
same host and hostesses entertained
the same crowd at their house. This
time Miss Bertha Waschkowski, of
Des Moines, Iowa, was the honoree.
At the close of a very pleasant even-
ing, which was spent in playing
games, ice-cream and cake were served.
Misses Wilson and Wasch-
kowski were very popular with the
young set in Los Angeles, because
of their most charming personalities.

Miss Minnie Price was the guest
of honor, September 14th, when
Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore entertained
with a party. It was like all others,
a farewell function. A series of
games was followed with the serving
of delicious two-color ice-cream, and
small individual cakes and candies.
The pleasure of the evening was
somewhat marred by the unavoid-
able absence of the hostess who,
shortly previous, had been suddenly
taken ill, which for the time seemed
serious, but the doctor, who had
been at once summoned, set all our
fears at rest by his saying: "It was
no more than a slight indisposition,
owing to a broken vein in her leg,
caused by over-exertion," and a ten
days' stay in bed would put her on
her feet again—and it did.

Among the charming events of
the month, none was more enjoyed
than the luncheon party at 3950 La
Salle Avenue, Saturday evening,
where Mr. and Mrs. Charles McMann
dispensed hospitality to thirty
friends. Mr. and Mrs. Witschiff,
of Trenton, N. J., were introduced
as friends of the McManns, who
were in town for a short stay. Mrs.
McMann was attired most becoming-
ly in a beautiful pink-satin dress,
trimmed with lace, and seemingly
within keeping with the color of her
dress, a large bowl of large carnations,
the gift of her mother, adorned
the dining-table, and there was an-
other on the parlor table, which
added much to the attractiveness of
the rooms. All was most informal,
each guest feeling free to do as he
or she pleased. As the hour was
getting late, we were bidden to sit
at a most beautifully-appointed four-
course collation, served by Mueth,
one of the most fashionable caterers
of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrett and son, all
of Council Bluffs, Iowa, made a
lengthened stay with the former's
relatives at San Diego, and they
made good use of the opportunity
to also visit the Exposition there.
Mrs. Barrett, upon request, gave an
interesting talk at the Club Amapola,
one Saturday evening.

Misses Chenoweth, Peek and
Angle, after attending the N. A. D.
convention at San Francisco, went
to the Yosemite Valley, where they
were joined by Mrs. Henrietta Lefi.
For a whole week in the heart of
this charming wilderness, the one
perfect jewel in Nature's crown, the
first wonder of America, they drank
in their fill of living next-step to
Nature, and feasted their eyes on
the grand canyons, waterfalls tum-
bling over half-mile cliffs, giant trees
and mountains. Alas! the week
finally came to an end, which, for
them only, meant coming back to
civilization with its starched clothes.

Mrs. Henry Reaves has fully re-
covered from an operation to which
she submitted a while ago.

I thought this article, which ap-
peared in the *Los Angeles Examiner*,
was such a beautiful tribute to our
sign-language that I will now sub-
mit:

"Hands Waft song of Praise to
Deaf-Mutes." "Melody in Gestures
wins Genuine Applause," when the
band crashes out "I love you, Cali-
fornia," and there is a mighty blend-
ing of the brasses and reeds and the
drums and cymbals, it is inspiring.

And when the orchestra plays "I
love you, California," and the violins,
and cellos and piano carry you up
on the wings of harmony to the "snow
crowned golden Sierras," it is en-
trancing.

But there is still another way to
render "I love you, California," and
there are no brasses, reeds, cymbals,
drums, violins, or even voices in it.
There is not even any noise and yet
it is both music and poetry.

This was beautifully and striking-
ly exemplified when three young
women "sang" the California song,
by means of signs, to an audience of
deaf-mutes, and got the sort of
"hand" that brings a Schumann-
Heink from behind the curtain blow-
ing kisses.

They were Misses Ida Miller,
Mabel Meyers and Ella Duffy.
Their song was the hit of the enter-
tainment in honor of the deaf men
and women who as delegates attend-
ed the biennial convention of the N.
A. D. in San Francisco.

If possible, the beauty of "I love
you, California," is increased when it
is sung or played with the graceful
hands and arms of young women.

"I love you" is placing both
hands one upon the other, rapturously
against the breast. "California"
is a delightful rhythmical movement
of the hands in a circling way, it is
a poetic way of expressing a noble
theme. The "sea" is done with a
billowy sweeping of the hands and
arms.

Miss Ida Miller sang the first
verse, with the technique and tem-
perament of a prima donna. When
all came in on the chorus.

There were crescendo and dimi-
nuendo, the soft and tender expres-
sion, the swelling notes, and all in
perfect accord, although there was no
leader. Then each of the young
women sang a stanza and the chorus
was repeated by all.

The "singers" used only signs,
not a word was spelled out. It was
all done with graceful gliding move-
ments of the hands, arms and
shoulders, with a lifting of the eyes
or facial expression to correspond to
the tone being dimmed in air."

Rev. D. E. Moylan, of Baltimore,
Md., was in town for two weeks.
The unusually hearty welcome given
to him by the deaf here, was abun-
dant testimony of how highly he was
regarded. I feel I must say a word
or two concerning his most splendid
talent in rendering hymns in the
sign-language. At the club, one
Saturday evening, he recited "Star
Spangled Banner," so beautifully,
that it was, indeed, a revelation to
us, for never before had we seen
such beautiful rendition. We en-
joyed his singing, as one may call
it, so much, that during the two
weeks he staid here, he was asked
to recite hymns at every meeting
that was held in Los Angeles.
Many complimentary affairs were
held in his honor. He expressed
himself as greatly pleased with it
here.

MAY COOL.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every
Sunday, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M.

NOVEMBER

25—Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 A.M., Holy
Communion.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, every
Sunday 3 P.M., except Nov. 7.

28—Holy Communion.

14—St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 11 A.M.
Galludet Home, 10:30 A.M., Holy Com-
munion.

St. Geo. ge's Church, Newburgh,

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man: Wherever wrong is done To the humblest and the weakest 'Neath the all-beholding sun, That wrong is also done to us, And they are slaves most base, Whose love of right is for themselves, And not for all the race"

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

In a recent issue of the Texas Lone Star, published at the State School for the Deaf at Austin, Texas, the following paragraph appeared:—

When Superintendent Bramlette of the Blind school was spoken to about the brass band we are trying to get into working order, he laughed and said, "I told Mr. Urbantke when he really had a band in the deaf school, I would establish an art department in the blind school."

Mr. Urbantke is the present efficient and progressive Superintendent of the Texas School for the Deaf. He introduced military drill for the boys of his school nearly two years ago, by the appointment of Mr. Walter E. Kadel, an honor graduate of Fanwood, as Military Instructor.

Mr. Kadel formed the pupils into squads, taught them simple marching manoeuvres, organized them into Companies, and welded the Companies into a Battalion, and this Battalion is fast winning fame in the State of Texas. It has already received the highest praise from the Governor of the State and his military staff.

With such gratifying results in Military Drill, Superintendent Urbantke has decided to emulate another Fanwood feature by organizing a brass band; and the skeptics say it can't be done. Their incredulity is excusable, but, nevertheless, they are wrong.

A brass band composed of deaf musicians is an established fact. It can be seen and heard any day at the New York Institution for the Deaf, at West 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue.

This band was evolved from a couple of fives and snare drums, which Principal Currier provided about sixteen years ago. He employed a veteran in field music to instruct the quartet of fifers and drummers. Three years later the brass band was begun. And for the past ten or twelve years the Band and Field Music has become an established and wonderful auxiliary in connection with the success of the cadet battalion in military drill.

It numbers at present forty-three members, and has a repertoire of two hundred or more selections.

People who hear these deaf musicians in martial music can scarcely credit the statement that they are deaf. But the fact is the Band has been made up of deaf pupils admitted to the Institution by the authorities of the State upon the incontrovertible testimony of their families and reputable physicians. Since its organization, the entire band corps has been renewed three or four times. Last year, for instance, six of the most accomplished musicians terminated their course as school boys.

What good is the Band anyway? What educational value does it possess? Such questions are often asked, but seldom replied to. In the first place it constitutes a part

of the system of military training, which has a strong influence in molding character. It is a joy and an inspiration to behold the Band and Field Music marching at the head of the Battalion. The vibrations acting upon the sensory nerves have a stimulating effect upon the entire physical being. Every one will agree that, being thus thrilled, enlivened and inspired, the Band is surely exercising an uplifting influence. It therefore has the triple effect of being picturesque, useful and educational.

The President's Thanksgiving Proclamation.

It has long been the honored custom of our people to turn, in the fruitful autumn of the year, in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for His many blessings and mercies to us as a nation. The year that is now drawing to a close since we last observed our day of national thanksgiving has been, while a year of discipline because of the mighty forces of war and of change which have disturbed the world, also a year of special blessing for us.

Another year of peace has been vouchsafed us; another year in which not only to take thought of our duty to ourselves and to mankind, but also to adjust ourselves to the many responsibilities thrust upon us by a war which has involved almost the whole of Europe. We have been able to assert our rights and the rights of mankind without breach of friendship with the great nations with whom we have had to deal, and while we have asserted rights, we have been able also to perform duties and exercise privileges and helpfulness which should serve to demonstrate our desire to make the offices of friendship the means of truly disinterested and unselfish service. Our ability to serve all who could avail themselves of our services in the midst of crises has been increased by a gracious Providence, by more and more abundant crops; our ample financial resources have enabled us to steady the markets of the world and facilitate necessary movements of commerce which the war might otherwise have rendered impossible; and our people have come more and more to a sober realization of the part they have been called upon to play at a time when all the world is shaken by unparalleled distress and disaster. The extraordinary circumstances of such a time have done much to quicken our national consciousness and deepen and confirm our confidence in the principles of peace and freedom by which we have always sought to be guided.

Out of the darkness and perplexity have come firmer counsels of policy and clearer perceptions of the essential welfare of the nation.

We have prospered while other people were at war; but our prosperity has been vouchsafed us, we believe, only that we might better perform the functions which war rendered it impossible for them to perform.

Now, therefore I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do hereby designate Thursday, the 25th of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and invite the people throughout the land to cease from their wonted occupations and in their several homes and places of worship render thanks to Almighty God.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this 20th day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and fifteen, and of the independence of the United States of America, the one hundred and fortieth.

Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf.

Religious services of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf held every Friday evening, at 8:45 P.M., at the Temple Emanuel—El. 43d Street and Fifth Avenue. Doors open at 8 P.M.

Religious services of the Brooklyn Branch of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, held every Friday evening, at 8:15 P.M., at Temple Shari Zedels, on Putnam Avenue, between Rivington and Stuyvesant Avenues, Brooklyn.

ALBERT J. AMATEAU, Minister.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf.

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.

Miss Clara L. Steidemann, Sunday School Teacher and Social Helper.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Weekday social and literary meetings on first and third Fridays, at 8 P.M.

Other services and meetings by special appointment.

The deaf cordially invited.

Minister's address: 2646 Virginia Avenue.

From New York to the Golden Gate.

CHAPTER XII.

The natural wonders of Yellowstone Park are so varied and extraordinary that to do it descriptive justice one would be compelled to write entirely in superlatives. And besides it would require a protracted stay, and considerable study of each of the innumerable and awe-inspiring features, to give the reader even a mild comprehension of how strange and inexplicable many of them are.

Our party, numbering eight, named in the previous chapter of this itinerary, had two hearing gentlemen for the extra seats of the stage we occupied. They were a newspaper man and a minister of the Gospel. The first was a gentleman connected with the New York Staats Zeitung, and the other Rev. Dr. Maurey, a friend of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet and well acquainted with Mrs. Mary L. Haight, who had taught him the manual alphabet at a time when he was rector of a church in Goshen, N. Y. His ready ability in the use of the finger language, and his enlightened interest in the deaf, were a real source of pleasure and information during the four-day tour in the Park.

During the entire trip we accomplished a distance of 120 miles, an average of 30 miles each day. To be exact, the distance travelled on the first day was 29 miles, on the second 35 miles, on the third 18 miles, on the fourth 38 miles.

Leaving Yellowstone, Mont., the first few hours was through an avenue of tall pines and cedars, then along the shore of Firehole River, revealing only primeval solitude and sylvan beauty. When nearing the Fountain Hotel, where luncheon is served, we got our first glimpse of smokeholes—smoke issuing from crevices of the earth. A little further on hundreds of acres were dotted with small geysers shooting water and steam into the air, at intervals of less than a minute. I gazed on these strange manifestations with commingled feelings of curiosity and awe, and the call to luncheon that day had little of its accustomed enticement.

We were all eager to proceed when the single hour allotted to this stop had elapsed. Mr. and Mrs. Heyman and Mrs. Weil were nowhere to be seen when the stage was ready to start. They had hired a guide and were wandering around the smokeholes. We caught them after a drive of a few hundred yards. A stop was made to see the Devil's Paint Pot, a big bowl about fifty feet in diameter, filled with a mass of bubbling, boiling substance, that looked like white lead or plaster. A little further on was Turquoise Spring, a silent pool of beautifully blue and transparent water. The stage paused again at a great crater from which steam slowly issued. No one dared go near enough to its precipitous edge to peer into it, but I am told at certain indefinite periods it throws boiling water high into the air and floods the lava mound that surrounds it. Several stops to see bubbling pools of different colors were made during the nine-mile drive to Old Faithful Inn, where we passed the night.

The region around Old Faithful Inn has all kinds of geysers, big and little. But Old Faithful Geyser is the most phenomenal of them all. Every hour, almost to a minute, it sends a great steaming column of water into the air to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. This demonstration lasts four minutes, and then the geyser subsides. One may then walk close up and examine the big hole from which the water was belched.

Old Faithful Inn is a remarkably picturesque log structure, eight stories high in the central portion. The joists and beams, and rafters, even the stairway railing, are of logs. Only the smooth hardwood flooring and the gabled roofs show an artificial finish. The huge doors, the great fireplace in the center of the lobby, and (if it be permitted to so designate it) the water cooler, are all of natural logs, the last seeming to deliver water in the manner maple sap trickles from a tree.

We saw Old Faithful Geyser many times that night in the fierce white rays of a searchlight. In the twilight of evening, at the edge of the forest near the rear of the hotel, we gazed with some trepidation upon three or four black bears that prowled around to eat the refuse that is daily thrown there from the hotel.

Next morning, after breakfast, at 8:30, the cavalcade of stages resumed its course. For it must be mentioned that three or four hundred tourists started before or after us, on the morning our trip was begun, and that each stage was designated by a number which was called out by the dispatcher at every place where a stop was made. The order of the stages did not vary throughout the tour.

The drive on the second day was to Thumb Bay for lunch, and then on to Lake Hotel for dinner and the night. This part of the trip was exceedingly rough, and during the morning we crossed the Continental Divide, at an altitude of over eight thousand feet. Crossing the Great Divide is peculiar in that water flows in different directions—streaming towards the Pacific Ocean on one side and towards the Atlantic Ocean

and the Gulf of Mexico on the other. At Thumb the lunch station is the most insignificant of all, and resembles a long shed more than a building. But the meal is first class.

There are a few phenomena of the smokehole variety at Thumb, but by far the most interest centres on the bay and Yellowstone Lake, which is a beautiful body of clear water.

On the trail to Lake Hotel we had a good view of the Natural Bridge, an arched rock extending over a small creek. It is thirty feet across and sixty feet above the creek, and is said to be used by elk in passing from the forest to the water. A little further on we saw a big brown bear a few yards away in the woods, and later passed a forest of weirdly shaped trees which the driver said was called the Knotted Forest. The evening found us at Lake Hotel, a colonial structure of considerable size facing Yellowstone Lake. I was not the only one who felt glad the day's journey was over, for we had negotiated a distance of thirty-five miles over the dustiest and must rugged road of Yellowstone Park.

And if the gentle reader can bear the suspense, or forgive the offence, I will tell about the facts and features of the next two days of travel in another chapter.

EDWIN A. HODGSON.

The Howson Plan.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I notice in a recent issue of the JOURNAL that Mr. A. W. Wright, of Seattle, casts some doubts, and very decided ones, upon what he calls the Howson plan to reorganize the N. A. D. He professes to be puzzled at the array of figures presented. He expresses satisfaction, however, at the membership campaign which I conducted in California, whereby we secured a membership of 350, about 50% of all available deaf in the State. For Mr. Wright's benefit I will say that the "figuring" involved in our effort to induce the deaf of California to join the N. A. D., and to present rates satisfactory to various sections of the State, was far more complicated than the figures I have given in the reorganization plan.

Really there is nothing complicated about the figuring in the Howson plan, and it should not bother even Mr. Wright himself. The money for the endowment fund once obtained and Mr. Wright could go to sleep; the banks and bond-brokers would do the figuring for him. Getting the money is not so easy, but there is no figuring about that. The N. A. D. has done it in the past, is doing it now, and can do it in the future. My plan was only suggestive, and involved placing agents for the N. A. D. in each State with power to make collections, contracts for entertainments under the auspices of the N. A. D., etc., with a commission of 20% on all money taken in. When we get enough money to draw a decent amount of income, we could use that income to pay salaries and meet expenses. Obviously, with a sufficient income it would not be necessary to levy an annual assessment upon the members in the shape of dues, for which most of the members feel they receive nothing in return, and which the majority are inclined to avoid, there being no penalty attached to such a procedure. My plan involves getting them once for all as life members and then keeping up their interest in the Association through the free distribution of an official organ.

By paying the officers salaries, we get good and willing workers. Many of the projects being fostered by the N. A. D. are lagging, simply because it is impossible to find enough willing workers to donate their time and efforts for no compensation. Then a large membership would stimulate and give power to the officers of the Association. The above is the idea in a nut-shell, without any objectionable figures.

As to the endowment fund necessary for this plan, I have recently received \$500 from Mr. W. H. May, of Imperial, Cal., to be used by the C. A. D., our State Association, to start a fund to aid the N. A. D. fund in connection with my plan. The C. A. D. officials inform me that they have made no provision for such a fund. Nevertheless Mr. May's spirit is to be commended. He raised a large sum for the Local Committee to use in the entertainment of the visiting Nads at the Special Convention, and he can easily raise many times the \$500 which he forwarded to me. If all the Nads are in the same frame of mind as Mr. Wright, my proposed plan has no chance of success. If 5% of them look upon it with as much enthusiasm as Mr. May, its success is assured.

JAMES W. HOWSON.

Mrs. H. D. Reeves Dead.

Mrs. Henry Dennis Reeves (nee Bache), died suddenly at Los Angeles last week. Particulars have not been received. She was the relict of Mr. H. D. Reeves, for many years a teacher at the Fanwood School, and will be remembered by many of the New York deaf.

In Japan private individuals own only the surface of the land and its products, all mineral product beneath the surface being the property of the government.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

With the closing in of Autumn, and the gradual approach of Old King Winter and frosty weather, social activities at Gallaudet have taken on a sudden impetus. One sign which indicates frigidly in more than one direction, is the fact that the fair ones of the East Wing have ceased their daily fashion parades past College Hall. Cheer up, fellows! Spring is only six months off!

The afternoon services, on Sunday, November 7th, were presided over by Prof. Herbert E. Day, who delivered a strong and helpful sermon, upon the true greatness of Service. Prof. Day is always eminently practical. He has the happy faculty of holding the attention of the audience, and speaking in a manner that goes straight to the heart. It is indeed a calamity to miss one of Prof. Day's sermons.

The Seniors are now enjoying a two-weeks vacation from Commercial Law, owing to the absence of President Hall, who is making a flying trip through the northern States for the purpose of visiting the chief schools for the deaf in that section. After a four-year grind, a little vacation of this sort is greatly appreciated. But too much of a good thing is not always beneficial, a fact which President Hall realizes, for he is slated to be back at his desk next Thursday.

Arrangements are now being pushed forward for the Annual Football Promenade, which is to be given in honor of our gridiron stars and lesser lights on the evening of December Fourth. With "Lil Artha" Rasmussen, '16, heading the committee which is managing the affair, nothing but the epitome of perfection is looked for.

Since the definite announcement of the Dance was given out, there has been a mad scramble among the masculine "Johnnies" to secure partners for the terpsichorean treat. And if the College Hall Mail has lately assumed abnormal proportions (a fact easily apparent) it is not another batch of Hobson's "dry" literature, but merely notifications to certain ardent masculine letter-writers that the ladies of their hearts already have previous engagements, and they (the Beaux-Brummeles) had best turn their eyes earthward.

The fair devotees of the Drama at Fowler Hall are now rehearsing in anticipation of the coming of "Miss Mollie," a play which is to be presented by the Jollity Club on the evening of November 23d. Just what the play is about, and who will take part in it, are not known to the writer, but if the affair is at all equal to the dramatic exhibitions given by the Jollity Club in the past, it will be well worth seeing.

On Saturday, November sixth, the Preparatory members of the Co-ed Walking Club enjoyed a long "hike" into the Virginia wilderness.

They are extremely reticent concerning their destination, but it is said to be that Mecca of Gallaudet Co-Eds—Cherrydale, where one of the Y. W. C. A. lodges is located. During the walk, which lasted all day, the Fair Preps avow that they covered all of eighteen miles. We do not know whether they brought back any "cherries" or not, but they certainly did bring back rosy cheeks.

Prof. and Mrs. Skyberg have recently moved into the house formerly occupied by Professor Fay and his family. Prof. Skyberg greatly resembles Prof. Fay, and to see him sitting on the porch of the house brings back vivid memories of the friend we shall see no more.

FOOTBALL.

Gallaudet 7 N. C. A. and M. 27

With the aid of their wonderful defensive machine, and the marvelous interference, which gathered, as if by magic, about the runner, the North Carolina "Tar Heels" downed Gallaudet on their home gridiron, on Saturday afternoon, November 6th.

Gallaudet, though outweighed from twenty to thirty pounds to the man, put up a trim and aggressive article of football at all times, often having the Aggies' up in the air, as to where the next blow would be delivered. There was never any indecisiveness or faltering about the Kendall Greeners' attack. When we struck, we struck hard, and for substantial gains.

The Kendall Greeners did not carry off many brilliant plays at the open game. The "Tar Heels" were onto the Forward Pass, and spilled the play nearly every time it was attempted. Rockwell and Rendall gained fairly well around the opposing flanks, but neither made any very long sprints.

Gallaudet's touchdown, made early in the first period, was the most spectacular play of the whole game. It came thus:

Banner for A. and M. kicked off, Gallaudet running the ball back ten yards. On the first scrimmage, Peard, Gallaudet's left end, slipped almost to the side line without being observed by the Tar Heels' Ends. On the next play, he slipped inside of the "Aggies" defence and received a long forward heave from Classen, carrying the ball

seventy-five yards for a touchdown. Owing to the Aggies' stubborn defence, Gallaudet could not make any substantial progress during the rest of that period. But in the next period, the Buff and Blue took a big brace and carried the ball to within a foot of their opponent's goal line. There it was lost on downs. The "Aggies" style of game may be summed up as "hefty." They tried nothing in the way of tricks, choosing to gain by the "straight" route. They secured two touchdowns in the first period, and two in the fourth, all by consistent line-bucking.

Rendall was the most brilliant performer for Gallaudet. It was his first real game as quarter-back, but he played the position in a manner that would do honor to "Frederick the Great." Rockwell was a steady gainer on the offensive while Cusaden played a sterling defensive game.

Summary:

GALLAUDET	N. C. A. AND M.
Trenke	R. E. Selfort
Cusaden	R. T. McCoy
Davis	R. G. Winslow
A. Wenger	E. Davis
Martin	L. G. Kirkpatrick
Ferguson	L. T. Noe
Peard	L. E. Temple
Rendall	Q. B. Sharpe
Rockwell	R. H. B. Bonner
Classen	F. B. Homewood

Substitutions—Gallaudet, Wilson for Peard; N. C. A. and M.—Cross for Selfort, Weathers for McCoy, Rand for Weathers, Ehrlich for Rand, West for Kirkpatrick, Lawrence for Noe, Abernethy for Temple, Rice for Sharpe, Sumner for Bonner, Radcliff for Sumner, Sykes for Sullivan, Robbins for Homewood. Touchdowns—Peard, Bonner, Sullivan (3). Referee—Mr. Furry, Georgetown. Umpire—Mr. Bray, A. and M. Headlines man—Mr. Simpson, Texas. A. and M. Field Judge—Mr. Hudson, Columbia. Time of Quarters—12 and 15 minutes.

H. J. P.

FANWOOD.

"Some Prospects of Europe after the War," was the topic of Prof. William G. Jones' lecture in the chapel, last Saturday evening. Though he has delivered scores upon scores of lectures since time immemorial, this will be one of his best. Necessity compelled him to touch upon the war to a great extent. With numerical calculations of the number of men of each nation at the front and in reserve, he impressed us with the size and meaning of the conflict.

On the following evening he ended his rendition of "The Littlest Rebel," A Story of the Civil War.

Dr. Percival Hall, President of Gallaudet College, came here on a flying visit last week. It appears, indirectly, that this was the first time that he was given a hearing of our vocal work, over which he seemed very enthusiastic. We cannot say which was more sudden, his appearance or disappearance.

Movie fans representing this school, directed their steps to the Costello last Saturday afternoon. This has become a custom. Last week's feature, "The Final Judgment," was given to their infinite satisfaction.

All intervals of recreation are consumed in those two most fatiguing games of basket-ball and football. A number of teams in the former line have been organized. The titles of some have decidedly old-time flavors—viz., the Spartans and Argonauts. Manager Maruff has been waiting for the Thanksgiving vacation to pass before he will take any steps.

Cadet Samuel Engelson after listening to eloquent words of advice on the value of athletic training bestowed upon him by Edward Griffin, decided that the latter was O. K. So on Sunday morning the spectators of the basket-ball game were electrified to see him a participant. This seemed out of the ordinary course of things. However, he says there is "something" in his intentions.

With Founder's Day looming up before us, we are still drilling in the morning. Company A is working quietly, Company B determinedly, and we all know what company C is working like.

Too strenuous training for the marathon meet next Saturday afternoon, under the direction of Physical Director Cote, resulted in blistered feet on the part of Sandy Guinta and John Livingston. Watch for results.

Dr. Thomas Francis Fox hied to Princeton, N. J., last Saturday, and thus became one of the throng of spectators of the Harvard-Princeton clash. Old college memories may have accounted for this, as an old salt yearns for the smell of the sea.

The little tots went on strike some time ago over foot-ball playing. As they are no match for those of larger growth, they produced a foot-ball of their own. This step was a Declaration of Independence. Now they are roughing it on that stretch of land opposite the trades-school building.

Rev. A. Boll, in company with Hjalmar Borgstrand, were Sunday visitors. They attended morning chapel services. In the evening the latter had a chat with old friends, of whom there are still many, as he is only a graduate of last summer.

The christening of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson took place in the apartments of Principal and Mrs. Currier last Sunday.

The Principal and his wife, together with the infant's mother, stood sponsors. The christening was administered by Rev. John Chamberlain, with the name of Dorothy June (Stevenson). Those in the company present were Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Starr, Mrs. Dezendorf and Mr. J. Halperin.

Sunday chapel services were given by Prof. Jones in the morning and Prof. Burdick in the afternoon.

J. N. O.

MARYLAND.

Deaf Germans, Italians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians, all fraternized last Saturday at the Hallowe'en Social, held in a hall, corner Pierce and Schroeder Streets. The social was arranged by Chairman Kaufman and his helpers, and they did their part of the work to the Queen's taste. They had pretty decorations, and some took part in the ball masque. A good crowd witnessed the merry making. Several gayly, prettily and grotesquely garbed fun-makers took part in the proceedings, while there were some present who showed real originality in their make up.

There were, of course, Charley Chaplins, clowns, Indians and cowboys.

Ice cream and cakes were served to all. Recently many men mobilized for a week's military instruction at Saunder Range, near Glen Burnie. The physical examination was a searching one. All but one passed the test. The one who failed to pass was a deaf mute, well known as "Baron" Knoechel, of Land-sowne.

Baltimore Division No. 45, National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, met last night with a very large attendance. All committees reported that the Hallowe'en Social was a success.

Marion Deems, who killed Laura Schaefer, a deaf-mute girl last Spring, was caught while attempting to escape from Towson Jail and was taken to Baltimore Jail for safety. He was to be hanged last October 15th, but was granted an indefinite stay of sentence until the Court of Appeals could decide whether to allow him a new trial.

Blazi Chiechowski a deaf-mute unknown to the our community, was arrested for his conduct in frightening the women and children, and that every one about his home was in constant fear of him. An investigation into the sanity of Blazi has been ordered.

Mr. T. C. Forrester, Superintendent of the Maryland School for the Deaf, delivered a lecture before the deaf at Grace P. E. Church in this city last week.

Recently the Maryland School for the Deaf exhibited one of the most attractive displays in the art department at the Frederick County Fair. The Frederick daily papers spoke highly of the art work. The deaf should be proud.

The pupils print and publish a paper known as the Daily Bulletin. All the people around the school contribute little items, so that the language can be varied as much as possible. Every Friday the boys themselves get out a Pupil's Special. Then the Sunshine Society, Sunshine's Special once a month. The Athletes have an Athletic Special, and others too many to mention. Mr. Forrester's chief aim is to polish the pupils how to master the English language.

The Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer, Pastor of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, gave an account of his recent visit to the Pacific Coast. He made a leisurely trip to the coast in July, August, and September, visiting fifty-one big towns. The account of the same given in his inimitable way was very interesting and amusing.

Pamphlets, containing the names of the officers of the several organizations of the Grace P. E. Mission, of which Rev. O. J. Whildin is pastor, and each scheduled service and meeting, were distributed among the deaf of Baltimore, thus placing before each and every one interested in the work of the mission, a foreknowledge of what they may have and enjoy. We secured some distinguished deaf-mutes, such as Mr. G. A. Faupel, a teacher of Maryland School for the Deaf, to lecture, Prof. McVaine, of Mt. Airy; H. Drake, of Gallaudet College, and others.

Prof. Douglas Craig, M.M., of Gallaudet College, was in Baltimore last week.

Mr. Gary Davis, of Virginia, secured a position in Maryland Steel Co., of Sparrows Point. He is a machinist by trade.

Mr. Ray Kaufman, of Gardenville, is trying to secure a boarding place in this city.

The meeting of the Bible class every Tuesday at 7 P.M. has been resumed with renewed interest, at Central Y. M. C. A. Revs. O. J. Whildin and D. E. Moylan are teachers.

Mr. Kalal died last week, after a year's illness of consumption. He was buried in Cumberland. He is survived by his widow and three children, who have our heartfelt sympathy.

G. M. T.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller (nee Clara Davis), both graduates of Fanwood in the long ago, celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary, at their apartments on West 147th Street, on Wednesday evening, November 3d.

It had originally been planned to surprise Mr. Miller, but that astute gentleman discovered the plot a few days before the conspirators could put it into effect. The prime mover in the affair was Emil Basch, and with the aid of Mr. Felix A. Simonson's bewitching better half, a fine testimonial, in the way of a silver dinner set of eighty-one pieces, was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. Simonson making the address of presentation, and Mr. Basch delivering a eulogium upon the bride and groom of twenty years, who look to day in the prime of youthful strength and vigor. They are blessed with three children, the eldest a remarkably pretty and intelligent young lady of nineteen summers, and two bright boys, aged eleven and eight years respectively.

A long table, glittering with crystal and silver and having a central pyramid of fruit and bonbons, stretched the entire length of the dining room, and another large table in the parlor, were required to seat all the guests for supper, which consisted of salads, roast turkey, beef tongue, etc., ending with ice-cream, cake and coffee.

Mr. Felix A. Simonson acted as toastmaster, and introduced Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, who spoke briefly, and was followed by Mr. E. Souweine, Mr. Samuel Frankenstein, Mr. Emil Basch, Mrs. Arnold Cohn, Messrs. Marcus L. Kenner, A. Capelli, S. Kohn, A. Sturtz, O. Loew, Henry C. Kohlman, who gave Marcus L. Kenner such a look of reproof for unseemly levity, that that high-browed disciple of wit and humor is still blinking with dismay. At times Henry's wrath is terrifying.

Mr. Miller made a pleasing acknowledgment to the congratulatory addresses, but Mrs. Miller was too modest to talk before so many people.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Simonson, Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Loew, Mr. and Mrs. Branson, Mr. and Mrs. Kenner, Mr. and Mrs. S. Kohn, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cohn, Messrs. Basch, Frankenstein, Kohlman, Martin Moses, Sturtz, Capelli, M. W. Loew, Souweine, Fox, Hodgson, and friends of Miss Bessie Miller, Mr. Al. Kraus and Miss Sadie Hellerstein.

"A pretty home wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sprague, 30 North Grove Street, Freeport, L. I., on Sunday afternoon, October 17th, at 2 o'clock, when their daughter, Olive Addie, and Henry Herman Brainer, of Passaic, N. J., were married by Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain of St. Ann's Episcopal Church, of New York. The house was beautifully decorated with ferns and autumn leaves.

The bride, who was given away by her father, led the wedding march, which was played by Prof. Raymond W. Wood, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The ceremony was performed beneath a bank of autumn leaves and ferns, which was arranged to form an altar. The bride was attended by Mrs. Alfred Barry, of Freeport, as matron of honor, and Mr. Barry as best man. The ring bearer was Master George Vanderbilt Ketchum, of Northport, who was dressed in white and carried the ring on a white satin cushion. Albert E. Dirkes, of Union Hill, N. J., and Julius Rathem, of Rockville Centre, were the ribbon bearers. The bride was attired in white satin with a bridal veil, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. The matron of honor wore white crepe de chine with pearl trimming, and a black picture hat with pink plumes, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served to about 90 guests, nearly all from out-of-town. The happy couple left for a trip to Washington, D. C. On their return they will occupy their new home in Garfield, N. J. The gifts received were many and beautiful.

The Lexington Basket-ball team is rapidly coming to its own, and has shown promise to better the records of its brothers of the past. So far the seniors have three victories to their credit, while the juniors have two. The midgets are yet to be heard from, but its safe to say they will be represented by an A. A. L. team. Constant coaching and rudimentary play are everyday programmes as well as games played during recreation periods by respective teams against scrubs and substitutes.

The seniors have beaten the Pierce Triangles of Astoria, 56-15;

Knights of Columbus of New Rochelle, 44-17, and the St. Ann's Academy Seniors, 32-3. The juniors have the scalps of the St. Ann's Academy seconds, whom they defeated, 17-2, and the Anona Five of New York, who suffered its first defeat, 32-12.

The Seniors journeyed up to New Rochelle Election Eve and played the Knights of Columbus. Although overweighed by several pounds, the team work and accuracy in locating the basket was a revelation to the three hundred or more lovers of the game who saw the Lexington Deaf-Mutes for the first time. The game was never in doubt, and the Lexingtons put up a whirlwind game, bewildering their opponents with their rapid fire passing. A return game will be played in January. The summary:

LEXINGTON, 44	Pos.	K. of C., 17
Jellinek	r.f.	Ronch
Gordon	r.f.	J. Barcott
Kruger	c.	R. Harrett
Weisman	i.g.	Phelon
Bergon	r.g.	Brambeck
		Fallon

Goals from field—Jellinek, 9; Gordon, 6; Kruger, 4; R. Barnett, 4; J. Barcott, 2. Referee—J. Hughes K. of C. Timekeeper—J. Worzel. Scorer—P. Bassel. Halves—20 minutes.

On Election Day the Juniors ran into a worthy foe—the Anona Five of New York, who, for the whole period of the first half kept them guessing. It was a sea-saw contest from the very beginning, and the Anonas held a two-point advantage at the end of the first half. Score 10-8. In the second half, after a few brief words from Coach Enger the team practically came to life and went after the Anonas with such a force they could not solve the attack. All they could do was to tally a measly basket, bringing their score to 12, while the Lexington added 25 points, giving them a 32-12 victory. O. Jellinek and J. Worzel put up a splendid exhibition. Capt. Jones of the losers was the individual star. Summary:

LEX D. M. Jrs. 32	Pos.	ANONA "5" 12
Worzel	r.f.	J. Jones
Jellinek	r.f.	E. Lewis
Mendelowitz	c.	H. Jones
Becker	i.g.	T. Marks
Kruger	r.g.	G. Gordon

Goals from field—Jellinek 8, Gordon 3, Becker, Kruger, J. Jones, E. Lewis, H. Jones, Gordon. From foul—Worzel 6, Lewis 4. Referee—J. Jones. P. S. A. L. Timekeeper—A. H. Enger. Scorer—P. Bassel. Halves—15-20 minutes.

Several of his friends saw Mr. Isaac N. Soper leave on the afternoon train, last Saturday, for the Gallaudet Home, wherein he will become a resident, and do odd jobs of carpentry when needed. He will also read the Sunday services for the Home family at such times as the Church Mission is unable to send a clergyman or lay reader. Mr. Soper is sixty-five years of age, and all his life, from early manhood, has been employed as a patternmaker, at which he is an expert. Advancing years have slowed him down somewhat, but the skill in calculation and modeling to a scale he still possesses. He found his daily work grow harder and more exhausting, and decided that he should have a more restful life during his waning years. Therefore, having qualified in cash payment and all other requirements for admission, he entered the beautiful and comfortable Home which the far seeing philanthropy of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet accomplished. Mr. Soper expects to visit in New York City occasionally, and the writer is sure his many friends will always be glad to give him a cordial welcome.

Mr. Elmer E. Hannan, the rising young sculptor, of Washington, D. C., with Mrs. Hannan, came to New York last Thursday Mrs. Hannan will stay in Brooklyn for a month, but Mr. Hannan was obliged to return to the Nation's Capital on Sunday night. He went home with a contract to model the heads of different kinds of bats and vampires, a work in which he has been engaged at the Smithsonian Institution with remarkable success.

Mr. Wm. L. Geiffuss, of Milwaukee, Wis., came to New York to see a brother who had been operated upon for appendicitis. Before returning to Milwaukee he called at the New York Institution, and saw the Cadets in their setting-up exercises before supper, in company with Mr. Hodgson.

Ray Knuffman, of Baltimore, came to New York on a special excursion last week, and on Sunday, with a hearing brother, was in attendance at the afternoon service at St. Ann's Church.

The engagement of Miss Mary Gamzel to Mr. Hirsch Feldman, on Saturday evening, October 9th, is announced. Both were educated at the 67th Street School.

The Downtown Deaf Association of the Hebrew Deaf wishes to announce that there will be held a Whist Dance, on November 13th.

The marriage of Miss Etta A. Cohen, of Boston, Mass., to Mr. Herman J. Alexander, of this city, was solemnized in Boston, on Sunday, November 7th.

The Frats hope to break all previous records in attendance at their next ball.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. H. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

November 6, 1915—Amos Eldridge, whose death was mentioned in last letter, was a graduate of the Ohio School. He entered it in 1857 from Columbiana County, and graduated in 1864. At that time the school limit was seven years. After leaving school he made his home in Springfield, O., where he followed the trade of machinist. The first time we saw him was in the winter of 1868, when on a visit to the school. He was then a man of fine physique, broadshouldered and erect, and of commanding appearance. About the middle of the seventies he was married to Miss Ruth E. Hare, also a graduate of the school and later a teacher for several years. Later they moved to a farm near Ottawa, Kan., and that State has been their home since. Three children were born to the union, the eldest, Charles, now a teacher in the Olathe School, and his wife survive him.

The writer journeyed down to Cincinnati Saturday, where on the following afternoon he delivered a Sunday talk to about fifty deaf people, in the Wesley Chapel of the Methodist Episcopal Church. While down there the writer had the pleasure of meeting quite a number of the deaf from the Ohio School, one of whom, Miss Julia Fesenbeck, was his classmate in the building that gave way to the present main one of the school.

Mr. E. P. Carruthers, long since gone to the beyond, was the teacher. As far as we could learn, all the Cincinnati deaf were holding their own as regards work. On the way down at Dayton, Misses Albert and Ivar Lohr boarded the train, and at Middletown, Miss Edith Pruney and Mr. Joseph Goldman got on. They were bound for Cincinnati too to attend the N. F. S. D. Masquerade that evening. Mr. Goldman had a stock of flowers along for a Cincinnati firm to dispose of.

The first foot-ball team went down to Dayton Saturday morning, to play the Stivets High School. In their mind's eye, when the team left here, victory was with them, but it turned out the opposite way, and badly too. Result—Stivets 47 O. S. D. 0. The game was exceedingly rough on the part of the "Gent City" boys. Mr. Showalter accompanied the team down, and helped root for it, as did several pupils whose homes are in that City. Leslie Thomas invited the team to his home after the game, where the members were treated to a fine supper. Quite a number of the Dayton deaf were at the game to root for the School team.

Wednesday last week a number of lady friends of Mrs. Ella Zell, with well filled baskets of appetizing eatables, descended upon her home unexpectedly, and spent a pleasant evening with her socially, as a reminder of her birthday anniversary.

A fellow who wanted money and played the deaf dodge to secure it recently, applied at the home of Mrs. S. W. Corbett of Bellaire, but soon found out that he had entered the wrong place. Mrs. Corbett was up to his trick, and asked him to tarry a little while till her husband came for dinner. Meanwhile their son came home and sized the fellow up, admonishing him that he had better be off, as he would land in the lockup, and he went. When Mr. Corbett arrived on the scene, he was made aware of the case, and the police were informed to look out for the fellow. But he had fled for good.

Superintendent Jones was in Dayton several days this week, attending the 25th Annual Conference of Charities and Corrections. Under the head of State Institutions, he made an address on the Education of the Deaf.

A reception was tendered to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stevens, Superintendent and Mrs. Jones last evening, in B center, to which friends of the recently-wedded pair, officers and teachers of the school, were invited. A pair of beautiful silver candlesticks from the officers and teachers was presented as a wedding gift to the twain. The evening was socially passed in conversation, ending with the serving of dainty refreshments in the superintendent's dining room.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Wheeler are entertaining at their home Miss Douglas, a last June graduate of the Kentucky School. She will remain with them till Christmas. She does think the Ohio School is a big one and is glad to have had the pleasure of seeing it.

Rev. C. W. Charles performed his first Baptismal rites last Sunday afternoon, upon Catherine May, the five and a half months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robbins of this city. The sponsors were the parents and Mrs. Annie B. Callison.

Miss Annie Parmelee has returned to Columbus from a visit to Mrs. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland.

"The Evolution of the Teacher," by Prof. Pearson, of this city, has been chosen as the subject for this year's meetings of the teachers. There is lots of meat in it for those engaged in teaching. The book is

intended for the public school teachers, but as schools for the deaf in this day justly come under this head, it will be found beneficial to teachers thereof, too. At the meeting, Monday afternoon, Misses Bessie M. Edgar and Olivia Bruning gave abstracts from several chapters.

Except for the chickens, the front lawn of the grounds has no attractions. Jack Frost got his work in on the plants and flowers, and the florist has done the rest, pulled up the roots.

Mr. W. H. Arras is contented, living in Lima, for he is kept busy with work, and then the baby, which has been growing like a weed, is the joy of the household.

A. B. G.

PITTSBURGH

Mrs. Hays, wife of Mr. Augustus D. Hays, formerly a beacon light (and a mighty wood one at that) at the Romney, W. Va. School for the Deaf, was visiting in Pittsburgh recently, being the guest of her old friend and classmate, Mrs. Collins Sawhill. It had been a long time since we had seen Mrs. Hays, hence the pleasure was proportionally great. In company with Mrs. Sawhill, she called on old-time friends, visited the School at Edgewood and attended the Frat Masquerade, and so met quite a few Pittsburghers. Mrs. Farke and she, no doubt, held an "Old Romney Week," as it were, and reviewed the processions of old times. Mrs. Hays was on her way to Erie, Pa., to visit her son, Howard, who is in the automobile business there, while Mr. Hays should enjoy all the pleasures of being a "grass widower" for a spell.

Mrs. Harry Stevens, of Merchantville, N. J., has been a visitor in Pittsburgh the past week also, and apparently has been enjoying new experiences to the utmost. She, being a D. A. R. member, has been entertained and feted by the Pittsburgh Chapter of the D. A. R., which she says is the largest individual chapter in the country, with a membership of 160. The daughters dined (and wine'd 'n' no) at Hotel Schenley, in that classical precinct of Pittsburgh, so Mrs. Stevens had the opportunity of seeing a large portion of the city's greatness, both in places and people, and it being her first visit here, she confessed it was an eye opener.

In company with Mrs. H. Belows, her old schoolmate and hostess, she visited the school and other places of interest.

Miss Deborah H. Marshall, after several hesitating starts, has finally shaken her skirts free of Pittsburgh's dust and gone to Newport News, Va., presumably to take a position in the school for the deaf located there. We hope she will find it convenient to come this way often in the future.

The Korubum "At Home" was largely attended, October 31st, and so many had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the mistress of Michael's heart and home. We regret that duty elsewhere prevented us from sharing that pleasure—but then that is only deferred.

At the Frat masquerade, October 30th, the following characters were presented:

Little Clown.....	Harry Smith
Little Dutch Baby.....	M. Conway
White Clown.....	Mrs. F. Holliday
Chas. Chaplin.....	W. J. Smith
Night Cap.....	Miss Blair
White Hoss.....	
F. M. Holliday and W. Zelch	
Fairy.....	Miss Macey
Irishman.....	W. Shall
Princess.....	
Woman Suffrage.....	Miss Grow
Trinary Clown (Maddy).....	T. Gorman
Domino.....	Miss Barde
Master Uncle Sam.....	Archie Barde
Clown from Harrisburg.....	
.....	Miss Kientz
Old Maid.....	Miss Foskoin
Flower Girl.....	Jean Conway
Spanish Girl.....	Miss Apel

The judges, Mrs. H. Stevens, George Winch and C. S. Sawhill, awarded the following prizes:

Children:	
Little Dutch Baby.....	M. Conway
Little Clown.....	Harry W. Smith
Mrs. Uncle Sam.....	Archie Barde
Ladies:	
Fairy.....	Miss Nellie Macey
White Clown.....	Mrs. Holliday
Woman Suffrage.....	Miss Grow
Gentlemen:	
Charles Chaplin.....	W. J. Smith
Clown With Big Ears.....	T. Gorman
Irishman.....	Wm. J. Shall

A large crowd was present, among others, Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Stevens, and the entertainment was immensely enjoyed.

The Social League held its prize contest as previously announced, November 6th, at Washington Hall. Prizes were awarded winners in the following contests: Euchre, dominoes, checkers and story telling. We have not been awarded a list of the winners, but we wonder if Mrs. W. L. Sawhill, Mr. Grimm and Mr. Gray, did not walk off with the prizes for humorous stories, as they seem to be the stellar dispensers in that line.

G. M. T.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf held an adjourned meeting at 1538 North Dover Street, on Friday evening, October 29th, 1915, with President Reider in the chair. Others present were: Messrs. R. M. Ziegler, John A. Roach, Charles Partington, William McKinney, and the Reverends C. O. Dantzer and F. C. Smilean.

Treasurer Roach presented the following statement:—

Balance on hand, May 1, 1915.....	\$ 85.43
Receipts to October 28, 1915.....	307.46
	\$432.88
Expenses to October 28, 1915.....	167.92
Balance, October 29, 1915.....	\$264.96

There should be credited with the above receipts a donation of \$50.00 from William H. Liden, Esq., through the Berks County Local Branch. As his check was made out direct to the Treasurer of the Home, it was sent to him instead of through Society Treasurer. Credit for soliciting the donation belongs to the Society. This additional sum would have made it \$502.88, and the balance \$334.96. This explanation is only made to give credit where it is due.

Mr. John M. Rolshouse, of Pittsburgh, sent in his resignation as a member of the Board, and it was accepted with regret. Mr. Rolshouse was elected to the Board at the recent Gettysburg Convention for a term of three years. At his own suggestion, Mr. Henry Barde, also of Pittsburgh, was elected to succeed him.

Mr. Ellis D. Lit, of Philadelphia, was elected to fill the vacancy in the Board of Trustees in the Home, caused by the death of Mr. Hugh B. Eastburn.

Rev. F. C. Smilean, and Messrs. A. L. Manning and A. U. Downing, were appointed a special committee in accordance with the following resolution adopted at the Gettysburg Convention:—

Resolved, That the Board of Managers be requested to appoint a Special Committee to investigate the labor conditions of the deaf of Pennsylvania, especially recent labor laws, both State and National, to ascertain their effect on the welfare of the deaf, and report its findings to the next Convention.

The Executive Committee was instructed to consider the expediency of holding biennial meetings of the Society.

The Board voted to turn over to the Treasurer of the Home the sum of \$237.21, the full amount received to the credit of the Home.

Mr. R. M. Ziegler was appointed a Special Committee with authority to appoint his associates, to raise funds for the benefit of the General Fund of the Society, especially to meet certain expenses.

The Committee on Arrangements was given special authority to decide with the approval of the Executive Committee, the date of the next Annual Meeting of the Society in Philadelphia, in case of necessity.

The President announced the following:

STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS.

Executive Committee—J. S. Reider, F. C. Smilean, F. A. Leitner, R. Middleton Ziegler and J. A. Roach.

On Revision of the By-Laws—R. Middleton Ziegler, F. C. Smilean, and G. M. Teegarden.

On Finance—C. O. Dantzer, C. Partington, and W. McKinney.

On Donations—Henry Barde, J. A. Roach and C. L. Clark.

On Arrangements for the Next Annual Meeting of the Society—R. M. Ziegler, F. A. Leitner and S. S. Haas.

On Publication—J. S. Reider, J. A. Roach and R. M. Ziegler.

Statistician—Harry E. Stevens.

Editor of The Pennsylvania Society News—R. M. Ziegler.

SPECIAL COMMITTEES OF THE SOCIETY.

On compulsory education of the deaf—F. R. Gray, Chairman; G. M. Teegarden, J. A. McIlvaine, Jr.

On educational extension—J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., Chairman; Rev. F. C. Smilean, Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, G. M. Teegarden, J. M. Rolshouse.

On the matter of petitioning the Legislature for County aid similar to the Ohio plan—Rev. F. C. Smilean, Chairman; Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, John A. McIlvaine, Jr.

On collection of special fund to commemorate the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Society in 1916—John A. Roach, Chairman, Philadelphia; Rev. F. C. Smilean, Allentown; J. M. Rolshouse, Pittsburgh; Charles L. Clark, Scranton; John McDonough, Reading.

The Committee appointed at a previous meeting to consider the matter of placing insurance for the benefit of the Home, at the expense of the Society, was continued for further report, should it desire to make one.

The above is a report of the

most important matters acted upon by the Board at this meeting.

The Hallowe'en Party at All Souls' Parish Hall, on Saturday evening, October 30th, turned out a pleasing success. Over a hundred and fifty turned up at the hall, and some in fancy costumes. The number might have been larger but for the fact that one or two parties were held elsewhere. The games which were mostly new and novel, were well enjoyed, the winners receiving prizes. We have no desire to criticize the management, though we frankly believe that the admission should have been free when a charge was made for refreshments. Being a parish affair, the toll excluded the poorer members from enjoying a social time in the Parish Hall, which is as much theirs as those who can pay for admission. It is right to charge for luxuries, but not for everything else. We believe that it would pay just as well or better to make a nice distinction in exacting tolls from our parish events, so as not to make them all to exclusive affairs.

Mr. Michael D. Barnitz, our grand old friend of York, Pa., celebrated his 77th birthday, on October 29th, quietly at home and in doing good for those afflicted like himself. He was given a dinner in honor of the event by his home folks, while he got them to make up a donation for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Doylestown. Mr. Barnitz gave \$25, his sister, \$5, Mr. H. S. Hays, \$1, and Mr. J. W. Mumma, 50 cents.

The money was sent through President Reider, who also received a gift as a birthday treat and a fine large photograph of Mr. Barnitz. It is the best likeness of him we have ever seen, and we prize it accordingly. This was a most happy and generous way to celebrate his birthday, and we heartily congratulate our friend on his long life, and hope that he may spend his remaining days with all the comfort and happiness that is possible.

Monday evening, October 25th, a party of friends surprised Mrs. W. L. Davis at her home. Her birthday was on the 23d of the month, but the later day was chosen to celebrate it. A pleasant social evening was passed, and an appetizing luncheon was served. Those present were Mr. Davis, Miss Alice E. Donohue, Miss Nettie Stemple, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Reider, and Messrs. Wm. McKinney, John A. Roach, Joseph V. Donohue, and A. Wells.

Through an error made in sending a telephone message, Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. E. S. D., during the monthly meeting on Friday evening, sixth inst., received a shock that caused a suspension of business for a while. A well known member had telephoned his inability to attend the meeting, but the message, as delivered, gave him, as dead, and it was in such unmistakable words that there seemed no mistake about it. However, doubt was still felt about it, and one of the members volunteered to go out to get the news confirmed; but, when he returned, he was no wiser. The parents of the young man were aroused by the news, and being unable to learn anything by the telephone, motored out to the home of their son. And two members of the Division also made midnight calls at the home of their friend, only to find him still alive, and that there had been a misunderstanding. A stupendous blunder was made by some one, no joker being meant.

Mr. William McKinney passed his sixty-sixth birthday on November 4th. In honor of it, he was treated to a luncheon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Davis, on Saturday evening, the 6th inst. Others who were there were Miss Alice E. Donohue, Messrs. J. V. Donohue, and Reider.

The annual dinner of the Gallaudet Club will be held at the Bingham House, Eleventh and Market Streets, on Saturday evening, December 11th, 1915, at 8:30 o'clock. Ladies will be admitted to the dinner. Any information concerning it and reservations may be had by writing to the Chairman, Harry E. Stevens, of Merchantville, N. J.

Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. E. S. D., held its regular monthly business meeting on Friday evening, November 5th. Nominations of officers to be elected at the December meeting were made, as follows:—

For President, William L. Davis; for Vice-President, Geo. T. Sanders, Alex. S. McGhee; for Secretary, John A. Roach; for Treasurer, James H. Richards; for Director, R. E. Underwood, Chas. M. Pennell; for Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank J. Haney, James McGinley.

For Trustees (two years)—W. L. Davis, Chas. M. Pennell; (three years)—Fred Greiner, C. O. Dantzer.

Mr. J. Add. McIlvaine is to lecture before the Clero Literary Association this Thursday evening, November 11th. On the following Thursday evening, November 18th, Rev. C. O. Dantzer will recount his Western trip. This last meeting will be free to all the deaf who desire to attend.

The Beth Israel Association for the Deaf held its annual elections on Sunday afternoon, November 7th. The following officers were chosen: President, Louis Lovett; Vice-President, Nathan Schwartz; Secretary, William Klein; Treasurer, Sylvan Stern; Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank Sack. Rabbi J. Landman will lecture before the Association next Sunday, 14th.

The Lancaster Local Branch, P. S. A. D., was resuscitated through the efforts of the Rev. F. C. Smilean, who gave a lecture on "Belgium," on Saturday evening, October 16th. Mr. William Burkert, of Reading, also gave some humorous reminiscences at the meeting. There were thirty-seven in attendance, of whom eighteen joined the Branch that evening. The following officers were elected: President, Harry Sommer; Vice-President, Elmer Eby; Secretary, D. H. Rohrer; Treasurer, Timothy Parvis. We are glad to welcome this Branch back to the fold.

Mr. Geo. T. Sanders recently had a very enjoyable auto trip to Washington, D. C., with Mr. Lowery. Stops were made at Lancaster, York, Gettysburg, Frederick and Rockville, Md. At some of these places, Mr. Sanders made short surprise calls on friends. He was gone three days, and returned home by rail.

It was reported at St. Joseph's Hospital that Frank E. Wilson, who had an accident on October 5th, is improving. His shoulder and arm are likely to become paralyzed, and his left eye may become weak. He will be home in a few days.

Mr. Samuel L. Price, of Easton, was a visitor at All Souls' Church, October 31st.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kornblum, of Pittsburgh, who were recently married in Boston, reached Philadelphia, on October 30th, enroute for home. Mr. Kornblum has a brother living here. His friends here were pleased to meet him and his bride and wish both a happy and successful married life.

Messrs. Eugene McCarty, Elmer E. Scott, Joseph Mayer, Jr., and William Brogan enjoyed an excursion to Mauch Chunk recently.

Mr. Orvis Dantzer, elder son of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer, is teaching at Mt. Airy School since the opening of school this Fall.

The Philadelphia Local Branch will meet at All Souls' Parish Hall next Saturday evening, November 13th. A discussion of a public question will be held, led by Mr. Reider.

Christening.

Saturday evening, November 6th, Rev. Mr. J. H. Keiser baptized Lillian Josephine, the little darling of Mr. and Mrs. Bruno Dornbuit, Jr. They invited a few of their friends to participate the occasion. The child was the recipient of many gifts. The evening was enjoyably spent in playing various games, and ended with refreshments. Besides Mr. and Mrs. B. Dornbuit, Jr., others present were: Mr. and Mrs. William Jeffers, Edward Doenges, Charles H. Miller, Joseph Gabriel, Fred V. Van Pelt, Gertrude Doenges, Lillian Berg, Edith Hourigan and Helen G. Berg.

CHICAGO.

News items for this column should be sent to S. H. Howard, 1460 East 57th Street Chicago, Ill.

MURDER OF A DEAF-MUTE.

While acting as a picket, Samuel Kapper was shot dead, in the back of his head, during the late strike riot. He had been selected by ballot to do picket duty. The slayer was seized and held by a strong laborer until officers came and took him to the station.

Samuel, who was a tailor by trade, came from Poland with his mother when young, but had never attended school. His funeral was attended by thousands of sympathizers, who regard him as a "martyr."

A Rabbi said, in his funeral oration: "He was an honest working man, and afflicted though he was by being deaf and dumb, he was a hero. His life was a tragedy; his death a glorification."

The quarterly meeting of Chapter Chicago of the Illinois Association of the Deaf was attended by a large crowd, at the Parish House, last week. Some enthusiastic speeches were made in favor of having a committee look about near Chicago for a suitable and fertile location for the future Home for the Aged Deaf. The Home Fund has over thirteen thousand dollars in the treasury.

Prof. Cleary, of Jacksonville, suggested in his letter that if we could add two thousand dollars or more by January 1st, 1916, it would be very well to buy a small farm not far from the city.

The next meeting will be held at the Methodist Chapel in March.

Mrs. E. E. Carlson mounted the platform fearlessly and made an earnest appeal in favor of selecting a nice resort, where there is no saloon inside, for our next Labor Day Picnic, even if the rent be high, for the sake of decency. She is one of the most fervent advocates of temperance.

The Charity Ball of the Silent Athletic Club is a thing of the past, but was a most surprising success. About three hundred gentlemen and ladies enjoyed dancing or chatting until midnight. Lemonade and orange punch were served all the time. Great credit is due to the chairman, Mr. Clinnen and his willing assistants for carrying out their plans so well, thus increasing the Home Fund.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gibson are touring in Indiana and Ohio, and all parts of the South, to be guests of the branch organizations of the National Fraternal Society, besides transacting some important business.

Mrs. Brimble returned from St. Louis recently and reported having had a nice visit with her son and his wife, and Rev. Cloud's family. She attended the brilliant wedding of Rev. Cloud's daughter.

Herbert Gunner took advantage of his vacation by flying to Dallas, Texas, to see his devoted mother. He wrote on a card to a friend here that it was very warm at 80 degrees in Texas.

Larcus Walker, sixteen years old, was sent to school at Jacksonville, by his former teacher, Mr. Rowse, through the good influence of Dr. Hansenstab, last Tuesday. He had stolen a ride in a banana car all the way from Texas and been locked up here for two weeks.

Diligent inquiries had been made as to the whereabouts of the boy's parents, and finally an answer came to the effect that they were confined in a hospital, having been taken there in a serious starving condition. Larcus appreciated the kindness of his benefactors so much that he promised to be good at school.

The *Silent Worker* has the thanks of the writer for criticizing his peculiar language. What he means by the words "there were thirty guests and Prof. Greener," was that he was present at a party of thirty guests, the day before he lectured at the club room.

Another shaft of satire, please.

A few days ago I called at a hotel under the management of the Salvation Army and found an old Fanwoodite in abject poverty, and also in an almost a crippled condition. He was thrown off the track by an engine in New York State some years ago, breaking his left arm in three places and three ribs, besides several severe bruises, and laid up in a hospital at Buffalo for several months. He has been unable to secure any permanent job since the bad accident. I remember visiting the poor fellow and his deaf sister, at the beautiful residence of their well-to-do parents, near the old Peet homestead in Western New York, forty-three years ago.

Our Money.

The dollar bill is made up of parts gathered from all over the earth. Much of the paper fibre is linen from the Orient. The silk comes from Italy and China. The blue ink is made from Niagara Falls acetylene gas smoke, and most of the green ink has green color mixed in white zinc sulphide made in Germany. When the treasury seal is printed in red the color comes from Central America.

Dripping Seattle.

Seattle's loveliness is under a cloud these days, and limp with moisture. The rainy season is on in earnest, and I have learned at the cost of one ungentle cold, what the tenderfoot is up against who ventures out without umbrella and foot-holds, however fine the weather at the hour of leaving home.

Seattleites claim their winters are fine, barring just a little rain, and that it does not rain hard, as in the East. Not excessively hard, no, but "little and often," and the easterner is pretty sure to get generously sprinkled before getting the Seattle habit of going forth prepared for any weather, in late fall and winter.

In my last letter, I mentioned the nearness of coast to coast, and the heterogeneous character of Seattle's population.

An instance of how the East and the West meet and mingle occurred a short time after I sent that letter. I stood at the entrance of the beautiful First Presbyterian Church, when a lady approached me and asked a question. Not catching the query from her lips, I asked her to kindly write it, handing her my ever-ready pencil and tablet. What was my astonishment when she asked me if I could use the manual alphabet and sign language.

Bewildered, I said yes, and lo! Miss Annabelle Kent, of New Jersey, introduced herself, and we made merry over one deaf stranger from the far east singling out another from the mid-west in so large a place as Seattle.

Miss Kent was attending the Women's Home Missionary Convention and was looking for the First Methodist Church, at which the convention met. She made an address before the convention, a copy of which she kindly presented me.

After the convention, she went south, with the intention of taking in the Exposition at San Francisco. It was, indeed, a pleasure to meet this gifted writer.

Larry Belser, of Wenatchee, has located among us, and enlivens our gatherings with his ever-ready wit and jollity.

Orla Little, of San Francisco, was with us not long ago. Whether he has taken his departure; or is merely herding by his lone, the writer is not informed.

The pioneer deaf residents of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gustin, who came from Chicago before the World's Fair, celebrated the 30th anniversary of their marriage, on October 18th, by giving a family dinner party. Only their own children, with acquired "halves," a hearing sister of their daughter-in-law, and Miss Coe were present. The dinner was one of those delightful feasts, for which Mrs. Gustin "takes the cake."

The fifth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Haire was made the occasion of a gathering of the P. S. A. D., at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Olof Hanson, on October 23d.

A library table and other appropriate gifts were given the Haires by those invited; the evening was spent at cards, and delicious refreshments were served. Trust Mrs. Hanson to serve delicious refreshments.

The celebration of the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Tousley, at the home of their son, Orr Tousley, the evening of the 25th of October, made the third wedding anniversary observed in Seattle circles of the deaf in eight days.

Owing to the frail health of Mrs. Tousley, the hours for the reception were limited to eight to ten o'clock. A purse of gold was made up by their friends and presented to the aged couple, and a short program was arranged.

Dainty refreshments were served, and all enjoyed the gathering.

In fact, speaking for myself, it was the finest affair, and most enjoyable, that we have had here in months—since my advent in Seattle, to be exact.

Mr. Tousley entertained us with witty reminiscences, one of which was how, when he was a lad of eleven years, just recovering from the black measles, he begged for pancakes, and when his mother protested that pancakes would kill him, cried until she made some pancakes for him, shedding tears over the certain fate she felt awaited her willful boy. Mr. Tousley chuckled as he remarked that he was still here, hale and hearty, at eighty-one years of age. Dr. Hanson, a friend of the Tousleys back in Minnesota, made a short talk, holding up Mr. and Mrs. Tousley as worthy examples for the rest of us to emulate, affirming that, through all their troubles, Mr. Tousley had maintained a cheerful mien and had never been known to complain.

Even now, when failing eyesight prevents his going on the street alone except in bright sunlight, Mr. Tousley is so witty and communicative that it is a pleasure to meet him.

Orr Tousley, a fine, intelligent man, at whose house the reception was held, was called upon for a few words, but was seized with "stage fright," and begged off after telling us it afforded him much pleasure to meet us all.

There were several hearing neighbors and friends of the aged couple present, among them Mrs. Patten,

who has known and loved the Tousleys practically all her life, and Mrs. Bryan, a daughter of Mr. Ladd, a deaf man, now of Portland, Oregon.

Miss Johnson, a sister of Mrs. Orr Tousley, softly played "Auld Lang Syne," on the piano, for those of the guests who could hear, while the writer rendered it in signs. Mr. Tousley standing at my shoulder, in a flood of light from the chandelier above us.

Just before our departure, Mr. Orr Tousley brought in and cut a beautiful wedding-cake, on which, in gold, were the names of his parents, the date and the words "Golden Wedding."

At least two of the guests put pieces of that wedding cake under their pillows to dream on. And I'd like to relate their dreams, but Oh! the guying that would follow might make it advisable for me to leave town, and I've such a magnificent view of hill, Sound, and Olympic Mountains from my window. "How can I leave thee," Seattle? Alas, the dreams!

Very, very cosmopolitan is Seattle! There are thousands of Japanese here. One meets them everywhere—in the public library, around the University, in the stores, buying American ready-made clothes, on the streets by the dozen, in the markets, of which Seattle has several fine ones, literally swarm with them. Some of the Japanese babies are very cunning, and some of the Japanese women, the younger ones, are decidedly pretty.

They powder their faces until they pass for brunettes, and they wear stylish American clothes as naturally as American women. On the down-town street, one sees Indian women peddling their wares, mostly baskets of many shapes and sizes. One day recently I saw an unusually good-looking squaw sitting on one of the principal business streets, her baskets displayed about her. While her papoose—such a tiny chap it drew a crowd to see him walk and play about her—played ball with the choicest of her wares, unproved.

There are some fine Filipino boys running elevators in the big hotels—straight as pines, quiet, dignified, gentle and willing.

Aged Chinese men pass along the streets "by twos and threes and singly," looking prosperous and contented.

In fact, all nations seem to meet and mingle here, and to have their own churches, schools and clubs.

Some of the characteristics of Seattle which an Easterner is pretty sure to note, are the number of men and women on the streets carrying netted shopping bags full of market stuff from the various public markets; the houses perched on the very edges of perpendicular embankments, made by the tearing away of hills, and the houses left, contrarily, far below the street level, by the filling-in process of the municipal improvement organization.

As I write, I pause frequently to gaze across the sound at the snow-clad, jagged peaks of the Olympics, with cloud wreaths floating far below their proud crests. I was up on the flat roof of this seven-story building, not half an hour ago, with my field-glasses, and only the tang of the autumn breeze, coming from the snow-clad peaks, persuaded me to return to a cozy, steam-heated room.

This Hallowe'en is to see a procession of spooks filing through the pretty bungalow home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wright, in the far northeast corner of the city. That a royal good time awaits all who have the good fortune to be present, goes without saying, as not only are Mr. and Mrs. Wright peerless entertainers, but their lovely, little daughters, Alberta, Vivian and Genevieve, the latter two twins who are the eldest of the five Wright children, exert themselves to help entertain visitors.

It strikes me that the deaf people of Seattle are blessed with an unusually bright and beautiful array of children. I have mentioned Orr Tousley. Mr. and Mrs. Gustin have three fine children, two sons and a daughter, all grown, and two of them happily married. All five of the Wright children are bright, beautiful, and exceptionally sweet.

Dr. and Mrs. Hanson have three lovely daughters, all remarkably bright. I have already mentioned the Holcombe babies, all sweet and bright and fine-looking, and I might write a half column more describing the children of the Klawitters, the Haires, the Waughns, the Partridges, the Zeiglers and Kobersteins—and then find that some had escaped me.

The Wright twins are particularly attractive, as is their elder sister, Alberta—her father's namesake—and are beauties. Mrs. Wright herself is still a beauty, despite her unceasing exertions in behalf of her lively little brood—and no happier woman seems to exist. She fairly radiates happiness.

My letter will fill space enough as it is, so the write-up of the "Spook Party," must go over. And here is an order that I call Mr. Heyer to time for saying he went clear around Seattle in his automobile tour. An indignant, loyal citizen of this immense city of many hills, desires me to say that a trip clear around Seattle would be a day's journey.

And the same indignant citizen

requests that I call down our genial editor for calling San Francisco the gateway to the Orient.

Time was when that statement passed unchallenged, but that time has forever passed.

Wide-wake, hustling Seattle, is thousands of miles nearer the Orient, not to mention Alaska, and San Francisco concerns recognize the fact, and several important shipping and importing concerns are expected to remove to Seattle.

Come and see THE Gateway to the Orient and to Alaska, Mr. Editor, and let our proud Seattleites show you sights to make your eyes blink.

C. E. C.

October 30, 1915.

What is a Gentleman?

To an American there is a pitiful snobishness in Ruskin's remark that the principles of education propounded by Plato apply only to "the persons we call gentleman—that is to say, land holders living on slave labor."

Yet Ruskin is only putting forth a little more offensively than others an opinion often held in England. This opinion is most concretely expressed in the fabled dialogue between the English lord and the American girl, which begins with his tactless assertion that there are so few gentlemen in America, to which she responded with the question: "But who do you call gentlemen?" And when he explains that gentlemen are "men who do not work," she retorts swiftly: "But we have lots of those in America—only we call them tramps!"

If there is validity in Barrow's contention that a gentleman is a man characterized by "courage and courtesy," Ruskin's gentility would be put in doubt, since he was lamentably lacking in that delicate regard for the feelings of others which is the essence of courtesy. And Ruskin would plainly be excluded from the class wherein he took pride in placing himself if we accepted the definition suggested by Emerson in his delightful discussion of "Man ners." "The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions and expressing that lordship in his behavior."

Two other definitions, both due to Englishmen temporarily domiciled in America, deserve to be cited.

The first declared that a gentleman is "a man who never breaks any of the unwritten laws." T is contains a portion of the truth, no doubt, but it reveals itself as insular, not to term it parochial. A man might be diligent and scrupulous in keeping the unwritten laws and yet quite capable of breaking the written laws which are binding also on gentlemen.

The other Anglo-American definition is credited to Oliver Herford, and it is to the effect that a gentleman is "a man who never hurts anyone's feeling unintentionally." There is a wasplike sting in the tail of this epigram, not without pertinence, however, since it might easily be the bounden duty of a gentleman intentionally to inflict severe pain while remaining truly a gentleman.

Cardinal Newman says in his address on "Liberal Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Religion:"

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him. He has his eyes open on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive.—Scribner's.

Diocese of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary, 2018 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 8:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Guided and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointment.

Lutheran Mission.

St. Matthew's Lutheran Church for the Deaf. Services in the sign-language in the church, 426 Broome Street, every Sunday at 3 P.M.

ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor.

"I Remember" Revised.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
You'd hardly know the old place now,
For dad is up to date,
And the farm is scientific
From the back lot to the gate.

The house and barn are lighted
With bright acetylene
The engine in the laundry
Is run by gasoline,
We have silos, we have autos,
We have dynamos and things;
A telephone for gossip,
And a phonograph that sings.

The hired man has left us,
We miss his homely face;
A lot of college graduates
Are working in his place.
There's an engineer and fireman,
A chauffeur and a vet.,
A lecturer and mechanic—
Oh, the farm's run right, you bet.

The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn
Now brightens up a bathroom
That cost a car of corn.
Our milkmaid is pneumatic
And she's sanitary, too;
But dad gets fifteen cents a quart
For milk that once brought two.
—Canadian Courier.

EIGHTH ANNUAL

Mask and Civic Ball

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Brooklyn Div., No. 23
N. F. S. D.

AT

Imperial Hall 360 Fulton St.

One block above Borough Hall, Brooklyn.

Saturday Eve., Feb. 5, 1916

ARRANGEMENTS COMMITTEE

Jas. F. Constantine, Chairman
Allen Hitchcock, Secretary
J. Kelber, Jr., Treasurer
Erlich M. Berg, F. W. Meloken
L. Frey, J. Bohman, Jr.
J. Alexander, Jos. F. Graham

MUSIC BY OUR FAVORITE

Tickets (including wardrobe) 50 cts.

There will be many handsome prizes,
awarded for the prettiest and unique
costumes.

DIRECTIONS TO HALL.

Imperial Hall is one of the finest in Brooklyn, and is easily accessible from all points of Brooklyn and New York. It can be reached by way of the Brooklyn subway express, etc. Get out at Borough Hall. All surfaces and L. Trains within easy distance of the Hall.

ENTERTAINMENT

AND

CAKE SALE

Under the Auspices of the

WOMAN'S PARISH AID SOCIETY

ON

Saturday, December 11, 1915

[Particulars later]

OH JOY!

—RAIN OR SHINE—

Prepare for the Sensation of the Season

NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES'
SOCIETY

MASQUE and FANCY
DRESS BALL

Saturday Evening, February 19, 1916

IN

NEWARK, N. J.

JOHN M. BLACK, Chairman

[Particulars later]

CHARLEY CHAPLIN CONTEST

AND
COUNTRY STORE.

GIVEN by the Clark Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Association, at Masonic Banquet Hall, Park and Tilford Building, 310 Lenox Avenue, near 126th Street, on Saturday evening, January 8th, 1916, at 7:30 o'clock. Tickets, including wardrobe, thirty-five cents. Music by Prof. Sweyd.

SITUATION WANTED

A young deaf man, capable at carpentry, but willing to do any kind of honest work, desires a situation. Address: Charles Lydon, Care of Mrs. Healy, 961 First Avenue, New York City.

ENTERTAINMENT AND CHARITY BALL

— OF —

The Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf

ALHAMBRA HALL

SEVENTH AVENUE, CORNER 126TH STREET

Saturday Eve, Jan. 22, 1916

FULL PARTICULARS LATER.

LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL CHEMICAL CO.

TEN-YEAR 5% CONVERTIBLE GOLD DEBENTURE BONDS, DUE FEB. 1, 1924.

Company owns and operates 56 plants located throughout the agricultural districts of the United States from Maine to Florida, and to California.

Net earnings year ended June 30, 1915, \$4,513,239, or 5 1/2 times interest on present funded debt.

Price to yield about 6 per cent.

INTERNATIONAL COTTON MILLS.

FIVE-YEAR 6% COUPON GOLD NOTES, DUE JUNE 1, 1918.

Profits for six months ended June 30, 1915, were \$295,157, or 2.4 times interest on these notes.

Plants are well located and equipped and in good operating condition. They are under the able management of Messrs. Lockwood, Greene & Co.

Price, 96 and interest, yielding about 7.60 per cent.

CITY OF MAISONNEUVE, P.Q.

5% COUPON BONDS, DUE MAY 1, 1954.

Population 1914, 39,774.

Tax rate, \$10.50 per \$1,000.

Maisonneuve is located within the limits of the city of Montreal, by which it is bounded on three sides. Maisonneuve is the fifth city in Canada in manufacturing interests.

Price, 94 1/2 and interest, yielding about 5.35 per cent.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM CORRESPONDENT

18 WEST 107TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

SPECIAL FEATURE ON

New Year Eve

DON'T FAIL TO ATTEND THE

FIFTH ANNUAL

Dance and Ball

GIVEN BY

The Silent Athletic Club
of Chicago

AT THE

Colonial Ball Room

22 W. Randolph Street

Friday Evening, Dec. 31, 1915

Entrée at 8 P.M. Music by Looney

Admission 25 Cents from Members
At Door 35 Cents

NOTE:—The committee are doing the best to make it the most attractive and extraordinary dance and ball ever seen in this city. Any you will miss something if you fail to attend our dance. The special feature of the dance will be the appearance of several comedians, who will amuse those in attendance between dances. Keep this date in mind and when New Year Eve comes, be sure and pick us out as your New Year's feature. There will be sale of refreshments.

Many Reasons Why
You Should Be a Frat

Brooklyn Division, No. 23, N.F.S.D. meets at Imperial Hall, 800 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either officers, THOMAS J. CONNOR, Secretary, 846 Hoyt Street, Brooklyn, or LOUIS A. COLLIER, State Organizer, 619 W. 144th St., New York.

DON'T YOU WANT some manual alphabet post-cards to send or give your friends. We have them with large and small alphabets. They are fine. Send five cents in stamps for samples and price list.

ELWELL SPECIALTY CO.
618 N. 35th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The New PachStudio

111 Broadway

TRINITY BUILDING

SUITE 2123

JOURNAL readers require No "Club Tickets" or any other reduced rate mediums. This advertisement presented at Studio will obtain very special prices.

Open Saturday afternoons until four P.M.

Also on Columbus and Election Days.

HIGHEST PHOTOGRAPHIC ART
MOST MODERATE CHARGES

Alex L. Pach,

President and Gen. Manager.

Telephone 8729 Rector

Basket-Ball and Dance

3 Big Games

—AT—

Dr. Savage's Gym

59th Street and Columbus Circle

LEXINGTON ATHLETIC FUND

Saturday, November 28, 1915

TICKETS,